

the side of the road. We stopped at Vlamertinghe at the "Club" and examined the camouflage dump. The "Club" has been hit by several shells and is pretty well demolished. In the yard to the rear flowers were trying to grow and I picked several sweet pea blossoms to send to Mazie. Captain Meatchem, Royal Engineer, picked some foliage plant leaves and some flowers for the officers quarters at the 49th Division. We do not lose all our appreciation of the beautiful and love for flowers even if we are in the midst of strife and destruction. The bit of garden was apparently quiet and peaceable for a few minutes, but only a few minutes, for the Germans were dropping shells on the road we had just come over. We passed near Vlamertinghe several of our machine gun crews, marching along as unconcerned as if there was not a German within fifty miles. It was good to watch them.

The British have a Red Cross station between Vlamertinghe and Ypres alongside of the road about one mile from Vlamertinghe. A large stone windmill is at this place, which has been heavily barricaded and made shell proof against most shells. There have been a good many casualties here, but the doctors and attendants stick to their posts and their work.

In all this area to the east of Vlamertinghe the "gas masks" or "box respirators" have to be worn in the alert position, for fear of an attack with gas shells. These respirators are our constant companions and are with us always.

We came home via Poperinghe. On reaching home I immediately took up the preparation and completion of plans for the next day in connection with our part in the manœuvres of the 120th Infantry. I had a conference with Captain Seelye and Lieutenants Murphy, Peschau, Sill and Trescott, who are the officers who will take command of our section in the manœuvres. We did not have time to finish before dark and therefore made a date for 6:30 a.m. the next morning. I divided blankets with Captain Seelye and he spent the night in my room.

*August 10, 1918, Saturday.* A quiet night and a good sleep. Was up before 6 a.m. and finished plans for the day's work. At 11:30 a.m. two lorries came by to take the two half platoons to the rendezvous point near Dirty Bucket Camp. I had instructed Major Lyerly to go with me and we also rode in the lorry. It was a very dusty trip and on reaching our destination, the appearance of the men reminded me very much of Arizona. Captain Seelye was in